

1. Smuggler (3:47) Smuggler – I'm under the gun again. Smuggler – I'm under the gun again. Dealin the goods like a deck of cards, keepin the program tight. I'm loading up a brown '68 Chevelle in the middle of the night. I'm smoking the Fuzz like a cigarette, settin 'em up for the sting. I used to light up with a honey and listen to green earrings. I love her green earrings. CHORUS. I don't wanna know where it came from, I don't wanna know how much it cost. I don't wanna fuck around, get caught up in a shady plot. There's a China man up in Oaktown, but nobody knows his name. Said he's the reason you came here, and you're playing in the game. He's playing you again. CHORUS. Said you don't got to jive me, I know Kung Fu and 7 other Chinese words, and someone gonna pay for the mix up, some shit I overheard. So you better not be distracted and you better know green from red. And you better know that girls curves ain't worth getting a hole in your head. CHORUS.

2. Digital Dream (2:50) I had a digital dream, set to neon green, ultramarine, a digital fish in a digital stream, a killing machine, nitroglycerine. I had a digital dream, somewhere in between security beams, a digital girl made a digital scream. A partial machine, static on her screen. D-D-D-D-Digital Dream. B-B-Borderline obscene. D-D-D-D-Digital Dream. B-B-Borderline obscene. It's a digital bitch, they only love the rich. A Stygian Witch, a digital code with a digital glitch. Bending the pitch, and frayed along the stitch. CHORUS.

3. Break 'Em Out (4:19) Black diamond hangin over my shoulder, blue square in a picture frame. The women here couldn't get any bolder, they could make the winter burst into flames. Free form, projected on wide-screen, re-born drifting like a maple leaf. Snow storm, smell of the evergreen, tuned in, I'm smoking like an Indian chief. Seen everything but the kitchen sink and now that 's in, it's hard to win when you're in the same race that the rat's in. Sub zero sound on your Alpine, sub-dio, under the polar star. Stud hero, riding the tree line, bum deal, they don't even know who we are. Said the ghost of Mabel Gabel, the money goes right here on the table, said the ghost of Davey Crockett, the money goes right here in my pocket. Black diamond hangin... North America's top vertical drop is Whistler. Sleeping beauty won't wake up till you kiss her.

4. Through Jupiter (7:21) Drive sports cars, date movies stars, buy things that are not for sale. Define yourself, refine yourself, go searching for the Holy Grail. Looked down and saw my footprints in the dust of the moon, they'll be there undisturbed as I left them in stillness, telescope view. Gliders on the night side, meteors collide, navigate flares of the sun, seekers, perihelion. Faster than a hurricane, delicate feather clouds won't rain, twisted by a cosmic hand, approach the equator. My body in a state of flux, hot liquid through molten ducts, vanguard of the moon patrol, light years away from home.

5. Chain Reaction (4:39) The vainest action is the main attraction, uh, do this, chain reaction. A heinous action is the main attraction, uh, do this, a chain reaction. It's real low tech, good calls from the refs, throw the long ball, standing wave connects, end zone fool, bleed through your headphones. Bouncing all kind of sounds off the black cones. Keep your steel cocked and ready, this chain's for real, rock ya steady. The heinous action is the main attraction, uh, do this, a chain reaction. The vainest faction is the main attraction, uh, do this, a chain reaction. Oo yeah hand over fist ya'll, cutting wax top of the list ya'll, beat the clock strapped to your wrist ya'll, it's real easy just to uh uh. Skeet shot, we never missed ya'll, guerillas rush out of the mist ya'll, down shift if you insist ya'll. It's real easy just to uh uh uh.

6. Carolan (3:01) I don't need a pop song at the top of the charts Carolan. I don't try to fix things when they fall apart Carolan. And I don't need an explanation cause I know you'd just lie to me. Leave me alone with my booze and my sins and my hard earned sanity. I don't believe in magic or in zodiac signs Carolan. I don't believe that joining a cult would help me free my mind Carolan. And I don't need an exorcism to drive a demon out of me. Leave me alone with my booze and my sins and my hard earned sanity. For all those rhythm and blues she helped me wash away, still in debt to my lady to this

very day. I don't need a prostitute to fill the void Carolan. I don't need a pinchy to get me paranoid. Somehow you confuse what's real with what's just fantasy. Leave me alone with my booze and my sins and my hard earned sanity. CHORUS.

7. The Thin Line (4:06) Balance, it comes and it goes. How to control it nobody knows. Desire, its all in your head. Are you the needle or are you the thread? When the clocks are moving at such a painful rate you walk the thin line between love and hate. Emotion ain't so sweet anymore. You been down so long you forget what you're down there for. Freedom, isn't it bliss? I'd rather be drowning that dealing with this. When the telephone ain't ringing and it's so hard to concentrate you walk the thin line between love and hate. Aw, "it was the best of times and it was the worst of times" - the most legit of all the old lit lines. So I'll just keep believing and leave it up to fate and cross the thin line between love and hate. Come on - cross the thin line.

8. Here We Go (4:38) Said what's happenin up the block? What they doin I can't tell. Said what's happening up the block? What they doin I can't tell. Well if they playin here we go, it'd be cool as hell. What's happenin up the stairs? Is he slappin her around? What's happenin up the stairs? Is she slappin him around? When you push a little bit too far the hammer comes down. Why do people trip? Why do people laugh? Why am I in the kitchen looking at an old photograph? Why do I just not care? Why is my neighbor goth? Why am I in the kitchen listening to David Lee Roth? Well here we go down the road out to Cali, play some cuts with guitar. To the Fu Manchu, to the Dynasty, to the heavy waves of Todos falling in the sea. What's the method man? To the madness man? When inevitability fails, I hope you got a back up plan. CHORUS. Here we go done the road to the cabin play some cuts with guitar. Here we go down the road down to New Orelans. Here we go down the road, I like it when you grit your teeth. Watch out its rough and mean.

9. Valentine (3:23) Oh - here came a dove on wings as hot as love, born in the dust of the break. Oh - now would she land ever only in my hand, all of my senses awake. Hot dang - in outta the rain I went face down a little insane. I played with a dangerous toy. Go-go give it all away it's the mile to the Mecca on the top if you wanna be a bad boy. Under the surface I'm hypnotized. I can't put her out of my mind. Won't you be my Valentine. Won't you be my Valentine. Switch the lava lamp on power up the amp bending the groove like a g-string. Time and solar space stealing away the face of angels on the wing. Jump like a pack of dogs can't be right if I'm wrong barking up another tree. Come back down to earth with me. Cupid you got it wrong from the start to the end of the song. Oh what can this fool believe. Out on the night beat we harmonized. That's when I knew you were mine. CHORUS.

10. Taking It To The Top (3:34) Moving with a reason, moving with a rhyme, I ain't ever giving up, I ain't ever gonna hide. Strip it down, to the skin, gonna beat, gonna win. Gonna claim what is mine. You're gonna fly when I hit the mainline. Taking it to the top with the power of soul. Taking it to the top with the power of soul. Cruisin in a hot rod, got a Motorhead, feeling real sleazy, I'm running in the read. Hot as love, cool as ice, 50 grand if the price for a vial of the best. I'm goin in with a bullet proof vest. CHORUS. I'll put ya down in a hole. CHORUS.

11. Sons Of Winter (5:25) There was a time not so long ago, that we would dance the night away, no signs of life out on the radio - just keep rollin your way back home. Just like they roll the wagon wheel way down in the country, still standing at the top of the hill I am - just keep rolling your way back home. Suspected of a dirty crime about the time we took the stage and we'll be guilty of it every time - just keep rolling your way back home. Place a hand upon your favorite axe, the time has come for you to shine. First shock is bound to knock you back - just keep rollin your way back home. Have you been down where the Masons dwell? Back corner of the old hotel. And if you listen you can hear them still. Just keep rolling your way back home. Hey now Mr. Mailman won't you please send me a letter and get it here just as fast as you can - just keep rolling your way back home. Just like they roll the wagon wheel way down in the country, still standing at the top of the hill I am - just keep rolling your way back home. CHORUS.